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It is a fundamental and admitted principle that he who incites a crime morally shares in its guilt. To stimulate the same through monumental lying doubly deepens the outrage. The sensationalist who persistently tries to light the flames of war between two great nations (and more than two might be involved) in order to sell a few more papers is as truly an incendiary as the fanatic who blew up the Maine, provided she were not accidentally destroyed.

The degradation of the yellow journalism of the period is a burning disgrace upon the American national character, for the press of no other people on earth has ever wallowed in such a mire. We talk of national honor. Dishonor is only possible from within.

There have been in Cuba those things which are always a part of a war; cruelty, death, suffering and destruction. Are these to be righted by multiplying them a hundred fold? Weyler was brutal; therefore we will retaliate by slaying ten times as many as he did! To the million and a half of involved Cubans, we will add seventy millions of Americans who are now enjoying the fruits of peace and prosperity. How logical! The sensational press seems to contemplate the probable loss of a hundred thousand valuable lives with a levity of spirit with which it would contemplate a holiday celebration.

The logic of war is so abnormal that it may truly be classed as a contagious and collective insanity. Reason is suspended and passion rules. The arch enemy of mankind, of Christianity, of the home, of virtue and of industry is enthroned, decorated and clothed in a robe of patriotism. A great social structure of national life, happiness, goodwill and civil and religious prosperity, reared with infinite pains, is to be honeycombed and shaken by a tornado of prejudice and passion.

We are rightfully shocked at bull fights, disgusted with pugilism, worried over a dog fight, indignant at vivisection and pained at cruelty to animals, but roll these all together and multiply them by a million and they are not yet war. Is it this which is yet sanctioned by Christian (?) nations? Does it require any strained logic to prove that great psychological waves of insanity sweep over the land? The way to help things along is to expect them and keep them before the public mind.

The generation which has come upon the stage since the great civil conflict knows something of the poetry of war, but little of its reality. It has been most exactly defined by the man who knew it most intimately — General Sherman: "War is hell!"

The yellow sensationalists are willing that the fathers husbands, sons and lovers of other people should be sacrificed, but should there be an actual conflict it may safely be assumed that, as a rule, they would stay at home and fight through the instrumentality of black headlines.

But great as the physical and industrial loss from war might be, it would be far overshadowed by the accompanying moral and spiritual demoralization. Prospective "peace on earth and goodwill to men" would be pushed back perhaps half a century by the surging forces of hatred, and all that is lowest in human nature would come to the front.

Why do ministers of the gospel (ambassadors of the Prince of Peace), humanitarians and reformers so generally remain silent?

Can we as a nation, working out for the world the problems of a pure democracy, afford to engage in a wild

national knight-errantry to right by force all the wrongs of the outside world? Retribution of every kind will follow such a wanton shedding of blood. Even suppose we easily win, who would be the sufferers? Not the Spanish rulers, and not Weyler, but thousands of innocent men who have had no part in the matter.

About War.

BY CARL SCHURZ.

Let us imagine the first news of the destruction of the *Maine* in the harbor of Havana had been accompanied by clear proof that the catastrophe was caused by a torpedo or a mine—what would have been the duty of our government? Would it have been to rush forthwith into a war with Spain upon the assumption that Spanish officials and, with them, the Spanish government were responsible for the calamity? Or would it not rather have been to inquire whether Spanish officials were really responsible, and, if they were found to be, whether the Spanish government were willing or not to make due atonement for the acts of its agents? What man of good sense and of sound moral instincts would wish that war be resorted to while an honorable adjustment seems attainable? And yet a resort to war is on every possible occasion spoken of, not only by the miscreants with whom the stirring up of a war excitement is a mere business speculation, but even by otherwise rational and respectable persons, with a flippancy as if war were nothing more serious than an international yacht-race or a foot-ball match. What does civilization mean if not the progress from the arbitrament of brute force to the arbitrament of reason and the maintenance of justice by peaceable methods in the righting of wrongs, and in the settlement of conflicting opinions or interests? If it were proposed to abolish our courts, and to remand the decision of difficulties between man and man to trial by single combat, or by street fight between armed bands enlisted by the contending parties, it would be called a relapse into barbarism too absurd as well as too dreadful to be thought of. We denounce the application of lynch law as a practice utterly repugnant to the fundamental principles of civilized life, and as a blot upon the character of a civilized people. What a strange Anachronism it is that while we abhor the arbitrary resort to brute force in private life as a crime against human society, the same arbitrary resort to brute force in deciding differences between nation and nation, although infinitely more horrible in its effects, has still remained the custom of the civilized world, and is surrounded with a halo of heroic romance!

When the news of the destruction of the *Maine* arrived, we threw up our hands in horror. Two hundred and fifty men killed by the explosion! What a frightful calamity! Thus we feel, and thus we speak, in a state of peace. How in time of war? Two hundred and fifty men killed? Only a skirmish, a slight brush with the enemy. Nothing of importance. A pitched battle comes. Five thousand killed and fifteen thousand wounded on our side; the loss of the enemy believed to be greater. A hard fight, but, perhaps, not decisive. Then more battles; more thousands killed, more tens of thousands wounded; the hospitals crowded with countless multitudes of sick. Naval fights also; of those mysteri-

ous monsters called battle-ships some go to the bottom of the sea, some of our own as well as some of the enemy's. How many men perish with them? Two hundred and fifty? A mere trifle. It must be many times two hundred and fifty to make a sensation. What is then our first thought? The gaps must be filled, and more of our young men are sent to the front and upon the ships. And the crowds of parents made childless, and of widows and orphans! "Well, very sad, but war is war. Let us take care of them the best way we can to keep them from starving." But more than this. Wherever the armies operate, devastation, ravage and ruin; wherever the warships sail, destruction of commerce and mutual havoc—the fruit of years of patient industry and exertion ruthlessly wiped out; and those agencies of intercourse and mutual advancement by which modern civilization has made the nations of the world dependent upon one another disastrously interrupted, and loss, desolation and misery spread broadcast. Was General Sherman wrong when he said that "war is hell?"

But we are told that a nation needs a war from time to time to prevent it from becoming effeminate, to shake it up from demoralizing materialism, and to elevate the popular heart by awakening heroic emotions and the spirit of patriotic self-sacrifice. This has a captivating sound. But is there not something intensely ludicrous in the idea that the American people, while the rugged work of subduing this vast continent to civilization is yet unfinished, needs war to save them from effeminacy? Were we more effeminate before our civil war than we have been since? As to the demoralizing materialism, was the pursuit of money, the greed of material possession and enjoyment, less prevalent after the civil war than before it? Did not the war itself stimulate that "materialism" to a degree not known among us before? As to heroic emotions and the spirit of patriotic self-sacrifice, it is true that war is apt to call forth splendid manifestations of them. But does war *create* those noble impulses? Could it bring out the manifestations of them if they did not, although unmanifested, already exist? And is, after all, the readiness to die for one's country the sum of all bravery? Is there no call for heroic emotions and patriotic self-sacrifice in a state of peace? Is not a patient and faithful struggle for the truth against the fanaticism of prejudice, and for justice against arrogant power, as brave a feat as the storming of a battery? And is not that civic virtue more rare than the physical courage of the soldier, and, on the whole, more needful to the republic? On the other hand, while war calls forth demonstrations of heroic spirit, does it not also stimulate the baser passions of a larger number? Have we ever heard of a war which, whatever great objects it may otherwise have served, improved private or public morals or stimulated the cultivation of those quiet and unostentatious civic virtues which are most needful to the vitality of free government?

But will not this horror of war at last make cringing cowards of us all? No danger of that. No peace feeling can emasculate our patriotism. The danger lies in the opposite direction. It is that the popular mind may too easily forget that war is justifiable only when all the resources of statesmanship to avert it have been exhausted, and when the true value of the object to be accomplished through it outweighs the blood and loss of wealth and human misery and demoralization it will cost. This

being the temper of a high-spirited people, so much more do the friends who seek to drive the nation into unnecessary war by false reports or by unscrupulous appeals to prejudice and passion deserve to be execrated by all good men, and so much more gratitude is due to those in power who, firmly resisting the screams of a reckless demagogic, know no higher duty than to spare the people the scourge of war so long as the blessing of peace can honorably be preserved.

— Condensed from *Harper's Weekly*.

Shall We or Not?

BY GEORGE MERRIAM.

[From its point of view this is one of the ablest discussions which we have seen of the question whether the United States ought to go to war with Spain to stop the inhumanities in Cuba.—ED.]

The only ground on which rational men can tolerate the idea of war with Spain is our national obligation, on the score of humanity, to stop the wholesale extermination of the Cubans. The minor incidents which have inflamed the quarrel ought not in themselves to raise any question of war. The gravest of these incidents, the blowing up of the Maine, if, as is almost certain, its causes remain obscure, ought to be peaceably settled by diplomacy, or, if need be, by arbitration. All the lesser causes of dispute have been handled by the responsible governments of the two countries with a self-restraint which promises well for peace. It looks as if the President and people of America and the rulers and people of Spain sincerely desired peace between the two nations. Each country has its jingoes and its yellow journals. But we here know that the better mind of America is averse to war. It is no great stretch of charity to believe, judging from the course of Sagasta and his cabinet, that the better mind of Spain is averse to war.

The one deep sentiment which makes toward war, on the part of our people, is the sympathy with the struggle of the Cubans for independence, and above all an abhorrence of the merciless destruction of a harmless peasantry by the Spanish methods of warfare. Before the spectacle of the country people swept from their homes and farms into the towns, shut off from the possibility of self-support, and starving by tens of thousands—the blood rises hot within us, and the prompting is strong to stop this horror at our doors, even at the cost of war. And against this cry of human sympathy and righteous wrath, the objection that we have no right to interfere in the affairs of another nation falls but coldly. Are not nations in the last resort members of one family? Have we no obligations to humanity outside our geographical boundaries? Is not the case of Cuba parallel to the case of Armenia, and if we stand idly by do we not merit the condemnation we visited on England and the continental powers?

The force of these considerations is so great that I own the scale has of late inclined in my own mind toward forcible intervention. But other considerations rise, and with growing weight as the possibility of war looms nearer.

The principle that each nation shall strictly mind its own affairs is not an arbitrary or unimportant one. It is the fruit of long experience and has its roots in the deepest principles of national development. National salvation must come from within. When after the French Revolution that people, fired with a sublime passion of